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the bones. The adjutants can only bolt what they find suited to that operation; and hence they seemed to expect that the vultures would do the work of division for them, although in this instance they were disappointed, as they could make nothing of the bones of the head; not so had it been a sheep, or dog, or any animal of this size.—The bones were visited throughout the day by great numbers of adjutants, and were carried off into the jungle by the jackalls in the evening.

These adjutants are very numerous in the hot weather in the neighbourhood of the residences of Europeans, and are very useful in picking up the bones and offal. In Calcutta they are protected in their occupation as scavengers, by the police regulations, which impose a fine on any one destroying them. They can swallow the long bone of a small leg of mutton, and will bolt a litter of kittens without any scruple. They are very harmless, and appear unconscious of their great strength. The only injury I ever knew any of them doing was to a man, who was killed by one flying against him unawares, as he was turning the corner of a street. In the fort, at Calcutta, they walk all day in front of the windows and doors of the barracks, and are great favourites with the soldiers, whom they suffer to approach within three or four yards, but slip off if you attempt to touch them. Sometimes the soldiers try to pass away an hour of a long and dreary Indian day, by playing tricks on the adjutants. The bones of two legs of mutton are tied together by a piece of cord, like chain-shot; these are soon seized and swallowed by two adjutants, who, noodle and doodle like, keep bowing at each other until the cord breaks. In the cold season they migrate to the marshy wastes in the vicinity of Cluthagony, leaving behind the young and the old, who remain until next season; as those who migrate do so for the purpose of hatching, and during this period probably live on fish, which their long legs and the form of their bills seem to adapt them for capturing. F.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE" &c.

In our last we briefly noticed "The Forget me not." It was our original intention to confine our extract to the excellent story which we then gave as a specimen of the work. In the following delineation, however, there is so much of truth, and of a species of truth, which, if rightly taken up, may be of infinite service to a very interesting class of our readers—our young friends—who, dreaming of the success of one or two celebrated authors, are disposed to try their fortune in the world of literature, that we think one or two of our pages cannot be better occupied than by affording some idea of what may, generally speaking, be expected as the result of those high hopes and expectations, but too frequently cherished by individuals esteemed by friends as lads of literary genius. Unfortunately, in Ireland, this class is by no means limited to a few. We have known many, who, conceiving themselves possessed of literary abilities, have left their quiet homes, and humble occupations, in search of that fame which but few acquire; and which even in the possession of a few, has generally proved a most unprofitable article to trade on. We know of no profession or calling more humiliating than "a poor author." There are few worse paid than even clever men obliged to write for their daily bread. The *ignis fatuus* of authorship has led many a clever youth to ruin: and with all respect for the craft, we candidly confess we should rather see our sons decent shoemakers or tailors—than authors by profession. We trust, therefore, that the moral of the following story may not be lost upon those for whom it is specially intended:

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose

name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others.—Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning-prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the prin-

cial or by a side entrance, a servant appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as *Mister Ferdinand Harwood*, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons actually were sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Ferdinand and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room, with the little corner cupboard which contained his cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent fitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well-appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house; and they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong—his mother said, "With his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do any thing, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business; he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after paying off his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand: therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to examine into the amount of the debts, and the extent of the property; and when he set the one against the other, they seemed as well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish-clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon

the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so," replied Ferdinand, "only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

These were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying, "The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to any thing, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neighbour's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village: that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet was also willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; any thing lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter-Lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season: nor are the sights, sounds, and smells of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Oreads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter-Lane—a very good inn, no doubt, in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Ferdinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error, for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to wag as any man living. He was a perfect realist: he thought that every thing was what it was; he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at; besides,

he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of genius—that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do any thing to serve him. With this consoling thought, he took himself to lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals and drink and lodging!—especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly: but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz, a dinner, none of them would give him: he did not ask them, to be sure—but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way—they object to all kind of dictation: so it was with Ferdinand Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance. "Alack! Alack!" said Ferdinand to himself, "I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!"

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ative style of address, that by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course it is all right that he should look so—as an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject—sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write any thing profane."

"Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticud: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry, and, more especially still, epic poetry."

"Now that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand. "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, Sir, you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's Paradise Lost in every library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's Night Thoughts in my pocket?"

"All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; "but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement."

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry

was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore, he replied, saying, "Well Sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read any thing so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons! Have you read Thomson's Seasons, Sir?"

Then drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons. I am in no hurry—I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negotiation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make any charge for reading it."

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another—and another; they were all on the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's Seasons, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but, finding a court-guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west-end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while he was puzzled to find the west-end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and so thinking, he looked astonishment. "Indeed Mr. Harwood," said the servant, "my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Ferdinand.

"No," replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"No," replied the porter.

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!"

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but, when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something greatly to be dreaded, and as he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, "Law bless us! what the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to which

he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity: he made enquiries into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "and I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "it is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that, when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask will you have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address, you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short, by saying,—"you have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

"Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate*, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticus. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer."

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy

"Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, Sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand; but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

LINES

ON HEARING THE AIR OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

Oh how the melting tone
Of that enchanting strain,
Wakens the heart to what has flown,
And gives it back again.
The thoughts of other years,
Feelings the soul will shrine
Thro' after hours of grief and tears,
The days of auld lang syne?

Yes, to its measure sweet,
Into the bosom stealing
How doth the heart responsive beat
As to our view revealing,
It lifts the curtain of the past,
Pours light on mem'ry's mine:
While o'er the brain come crowding fast,
The days of auld lang syne.

The buried forms of those
That to the soul were dear,
Would seem to start from their repose,
The thrilling strain to hear,
So vivid doth the mental eye,
Each shadowy form define.
But in the lowly grave they lie,
The friends of auld lang syne.

What, tho' the mound of green,
O'er each cold breast is swelling,
The image of the form within,
Has in our hearts a dwelling;
And magic melody like this,
Can our best thoughts refine,
And bear us back to scenes of bliss,
In auld lang syne.

BETA.

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